

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1910.

No. 12

Note and Comment

At the time of writing there is considerable doubt as to who will be the leader of the Alberta Legislature for the rest of the session. It is certain that Mr. Rutherford's immediate retirement was contemplated on Wednesday. But it is just possible that an arrangement will be come to by which he will retain the premiership while urgent business is being put through. However, his administration is, to all intents and purposes, a thing of the past. Such a smash-up of a strong government accomplished in so short a period is without a parallel in constitutional annals. A year ago it swept the province, but two opposition members being returned out of a total membership of forty-one. Scan the newspapers of a month ago and you will see no evidence of any gathering storm. But Aeolus had a surprise in store. Following on Mr. Cushing's resignation, a very serious split in the party occurred and a struggle of appalling bitterness has ensued. On Thursday night, of last week, the vote was taken on the amendment to the resolution dealing with the A. & G. W. proposition and the government was sustained by 23 to 15, being thus deserted by twelve of its regular following. There was reason for believing, however, that, having weathered the first onslaught, after having undoubtedly been caught napping, that the future would see clearer sailing. And then the most remarkable thing happened. The Premier turned around and offered to take the ex-Minister back into the cabinet who had been waging so persistent a campaign against his former colleagues. According to the statement which Mr. Cushing made in the House on Wednesday, the premier put it up to him, in about as cold-blooded a fashion as is possible to imagine, that he was prepared to sacrifice the Attorney-General, if necessary, in order to secure the services once again of the ex-Minister of Public Works. Mr. Cross, on learning of the invitation, immediately tendered his resignation, and was followed a few hours later by Hon. W. A. Buchanan. Just what action Messrs. Marshall and Lessard took is not clear. But the upshot was that Mr. Cushing, on consulting with his supporters, told the Premier he wouldn't come back and Mr. Rutherford faced the House on Wednesday the only man in the cabinet row.

That his position is wholly untenable, as a premiership, is unquestioned. On Mr. Cross devoted the burden of the duty of defending the government. Apart from the address of Mr. Marshall he was the only Minister who was a factor in the debate. No one doubts that but for him the administration would have been defeated last week. Yet it was not the Cross policy but the Rutherford policy that he was defending. To open negotiations with Mr. Cushing and throw his principal support overboard was bound to be fatal. Never has a Canadian political leader shown such weakness in a great emergency.

Just what will happen now is an impossibility to say. The situation is so extraordinary that it is beyond the powers of even the closest student of politics to forecast.

The most deplorable feature of the whole incident is the readiness which people have shown to believe the very worst that is said of a man, regardless of the fact that no one has the courage to come out and make a public charge against him. The irresponsible chatter of the hotel corridor and the street corner is accepted freely. One can meet criticism when a person comes out in the open and proffers it. But against the scandalmonger there is no protection; and the remarkable thing is that so many people, who live in glass houses, should assume this role.

Mr. D. McGillicuddy, editor of the Calgary News, has kindly supplied this paper with an advance copy of an article which will appear over his signature written from the Press Gallery, Edmonton, this (Thursday) evening. As it views the situation from a somewhat different standpoint from that to which the majority of Saturday News readers are accustomed, within the past week, it is well worth reproducing:

"Yes, debacle is the word.

"If ever there was a scattering of an apparently strong government to the four winds of

heaven and intervening zephyrs, the Rutherford government has experienced it.

"One month ago today it met the legislature with an abnormal majority on the face of it; today it is as dead as the late Julius Caesar and ready for the mausoleum.

"The fireworks started when Mr. Cushing, the Minister of Public Works, left the government shortly after the session opened. Then there was the debate on the Alberta and Great Waterways agreement and the whirlwind speech by Mr. Bennett which swept away a good deal of the prestige of the Premier as an executive head. Even then, with the excellent fight put up by Messrs. Cross and Marshall in defence of the administration, the day was saved and the Premier's position was endorsed by the House—perhaps reluctantly.

"But it would seem that Fate ordained that

"The beginning of the end has come. Premier Rutherford in his efforts to save himself had pulled the roof down on his government.

"Mr. Cushing in a public statement, claims that, true to the trust reposed in him by his followers, he declined the overtures that were made by the Premier and decided to heed not the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.

"It is said, too, that the Hon. Mr. Lessard has sent in his resignation and that Hon. Mr. Marshall will retire today, thus leaving the Premier, like Casabianca, alone on the burning deck whence all but he had fled.

"The Rutherford regime is a thing of the past. That it did good in its earlier years no one will attempt to deny, but its end has not been peace, nor its heaven glorious.

"And now, what will be the outcome? There

should be an easy thing for the party caucus to choose the leader. Up to the present it has been demonstrated that both have come unscathed through the fire that scorched the Premier so badly, and either one should receive a loyal support in event of selection by the caucus.

"These are the alternatives as they are presented today by the men who are anxious to follow the easiest and best lines.

"Outside of that, of course, there is a dissolution of the house and an appeal to the country which may be resorted to, but few of the sitting members favor that drastic procedure. Should an election be held there will be empty saddles after the fight is over. In the federal election, it is claimed that some thirty per cent. of the candidates in the old house never return, and that means something to men who were elected to the legislature a little less than a year ago, and have barely recovered from the stress, strain and expense incident to the campaign. A dissolution, therefore, would be a mighty hard bullet to chew to many of them; yet that is what faces them if there be much more dilly-dallying.

"The duty of the men who were elected to carry out the policy of developing the province is plain. They are here now and invested with full powers, and, with capable leadership, may work in the best interests of Alberta for the next four years. Never again will any government attempt to follow the policy that has been followed in locating public institutions, not in the interests of the province but according to individual caprice. What is needed is a government that will know no North, no South, no East or no West in the order of development but will work solely for the expansion of the whole.

"With any of the men named above this may be accomplished. The members have a duty to perform. In the language of St. Paul: 'Acquit yourselves like men; be strong!'

In a recent issue *The Spectator*, the oldest of our British weeklies, has the following to say in regard to British politics in "Councils of Moderation," and from which, in our present disturbance, we might take some extracts to apply to our own case:

"We notice with no small satisfaction that there seems a reasonable prospect of counsels of moderation prevailing in the Liberal party in regard to the question of the Lords. No doubt we shall be told that we are premature in saying that such counsels will obtain the ascendancy. Nevertheless we hold that opinion, in spite of the fact that there are a great many powerful influences at work in other directions, and of the attempt which is being made in certain quarters to 'rush' projects of a revolutionary character. The moderates in the Liberal party will gain the day, not only because in the end moderation is what appeals to the great bulk of Englishmen, but because as we think we can show, the force of circumstances is on that side.

"The whole problem turns upon what the government have power to do. It is necessary to settle that first before discussing whether they ought or ought not in the interests of the country to do what the extremists desire. Perhaps the best way of ascertaining what the government can do is to point out what they cannot do."

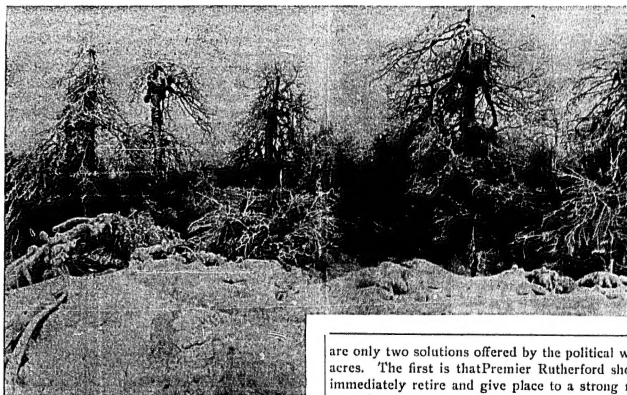
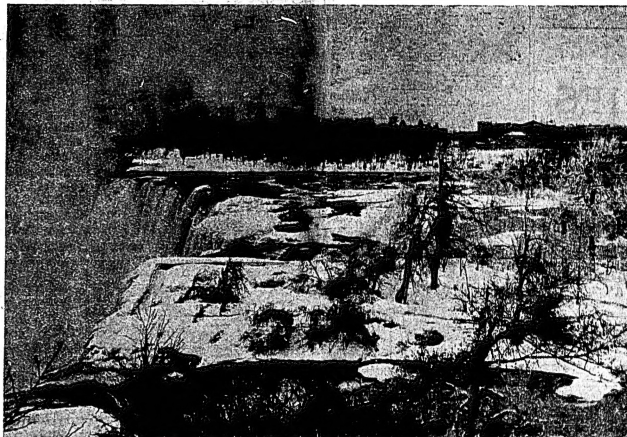
Now here we might sit down and consider calmly where we are at, or try and settle each in our own minds what is best to be done, or take counsel with our leaders and then go out and do it. Talk is cheap, but what is more needed is action, a leader and action to straighten Alberta out. Our trouble is not irredeemable though there is a mix-up, and if we of the west do not know how to get out of difficulties it is time some of us learned, for most have had practice enough.

Criminations and recriminations may ease our feelings and some may brace up to the bar to get consolation or imbibe the facility of talking faster, but these methods do not help very much. What is required is action, and rapid action, for spring is coming, seeding has commenced in the south, and everything else will be on the "go." Thus we must soon straighten out our troubles and get busy, each in our different vocations, smooth out the creases and all move along together again.

It is little use trying to tell ourselves of things we cannot do or to tell our legislators of things they have no power to do; for this legislature or any other legislature will still have the same prob-

(Continued on Page Eight.)

Winter Scenes at Niagara Falls



the Premier should be his own worst enemy. In a moment of weakness he was seized of the idea that the return of Mr. Cushing to the Cabinet would relieve him of all his troubles and for weeks he has been coquetting with the ex-Minister of Public Works to endeavor to get that gentleman back to office.

"As a result, the climax was capped on Tuesday of this week, when it leaked out that the Premier had been in secret conclave in Mr. Cushing's rooms in the King Edward Hotel and that he had offered to sacrifice the Attorney-General if the ex-Minister of Public Works would return and all would be forgiven.

"Then the fat was in the fire. The Attorney-General at once placed his resignation in the hands of the Premier and that was soon followed by the resignation of Hon. W. A. Buchanan, Mr. Woods, Deputy Attorney-General, and others.

are only two solutions offered by the political wise-acs. The first is that Premier Rutherford should immediately retire and give place to a strong man to lead—a man such as is the present chief justice of this province, the Hon. Arthur Sifton. This policy was adopted in Ontario in 1872, when Hon. Oliver Mowat relinquished the chancellorship of Ontario to lead the Liberals in that province; and in federal politics a precedent was created when Sir John Thompson left the Nova Scotia bench to become Minister of Justice in Sir John Macdonald's government in 1887.

"The alternative policy is that His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor at once call either Mr. Cross or Mr. Cushing to form a new administration and get the province out of its present quandary.

"It is quite true that the selection of Mr. Cross would mean the stepping down and out of Mr. Cushing and vice versa, for these men have burnt their boats so far as future association is concerned but that is no reason why the policy of drift should be allowed to continue in so far as provincial affairs are concerned. Each of these gentlemen has a fairly strong following and it

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The Little Teacher.

Scene—The setting of the room. Im. Stagfoot Lane.

Characters—The speaker (a returned soldier) and his friends, natives of the hamlet.

I. Had he and I but met

By some old ancient inn.

We should have sat us down to wet

Right may a nipperkin.

II. But ranged as infantry

And staring face to face,

I shot at him, as he at me,

And killed him in his place.

III. I shot him dead, because—

Because he was my foe;

You see; my foe of course he was;

That's clear enough; although

IV. He thought 'twas just, perhaps,

Off-hand like—just as I—

Was out of work—had sold his

traps—

No other reason why.

V. Yes, quaint and curious war is!

You shoot a fellow down

You'd treat if met where any bar is,

Or help to half a crown.

—Thomas Hardy, in "Harper's Weekly."

Every afternoon or evening I spent

at the House last week, I set myself

some self-imposed task.

"Today," said I, "I shall study the

manners of these grave men; tonight

their mannerisms, and one whole day

at least, I shall devote to getting

pointers on how to spell-bind the

crowd."

You see I am only a woman, as I

said last week: a Voteless Being, and

as such I have strict orders from the

editor of my paper to let politics

alone.

"What can a woman know about

these things?" argues this Wise Person.

"Confine yourself to the men

themselves, and leave their opinions

alone."

A thing I am very pleased to do,

in that with a few notable exceptions,

a great number of them seem not to

know where they get off at them-

selves. One Spell-Binder arises and

they are with him; his successor fol-

lows, and they are at once his men.

I don't know, of course, but I

wouldn't be afraid to venture the op-

inion that when some of the rural

constituencies packed their representa-

tives off to Parliament, they by

some error shipped the town weather-

cock, in mistake for their man. Be

that as it may, we are certainly doing

a rushing business in this commodity

at present, and I think the Board of

Trade would be amply justified in

adding a barometer or weather-cock

factory to their list of wholesale

houses for Edmonton.



MRS. ROOSEVELT AND HER DAUGHTER
Miss Ethel Roosevelt and her mother, who left for Europe in a race to reach Khartoum before the arrival of the Ex-President. They will be the guests of the Sir of the Egyptian Army at the Governor's Palace, Khartoum.

Now there are several kinds of
nervous, vivacious ones, outlaws and
other brands I need not mention. My
own variety has a good exponent in
the house. He is not a perfect hero,
dear me, no; but I am quite infatuated
with him for all that. I like
him because he is fearless, without
being a braggart; has a splendid mind,
relies on himself, fights fair and mas-
terly, because he is awake and on to
his cue every moment the stage is
set; because he doesn't claim a copy-
right on high-mindedness or Christian
principles, but gives and takes his
medicine like a man. And I take off
my bonnet to him because I know
that he'll come home with his shield
or on it. That he is conceited, self-
assertive, and (maybe) domineering,
are matters of little concern—I like
a man, and now if you can guess my
inspiration—you're cleverer than I
take you to be. I wish that I had
the pen of an artist, that I might draw
for you the characteristic gestures of
some of these men. The suave, hand-
washing act of—the accusing finger
of the Member for— Then I
should like to have a prize contest
and see who could guess correctly
"who was who."

The logic, or lack of it, of some
of the speeches is another matter for
a quiet laugh; also I might mention
the rather loose construction of some
of the sentences thrown out for our
benefit.

And yet they say that Dickens was
guilty of base calumny when he gave
us Mr. Jefferson Brick, to say nothing
of the immortal "American" who in-
sisted "we must be cracked up—our
backs is easy rich."

From my observation I gather that
the approved method of delivering an
oration is to first pile a great stack
of papers and books on the desk be-
fore you, to fumble a great deal, and
then set to, something like this:

"Members of this Legislature, I
rise in my seat in this House very
much against all my natural inclina-
tions. I have been pained and shocked
beyond expression," etc., etc., etc.,
ad lib.—voluntuous readings from
any old book, and now I want to
ask you, what do you think of this
Government that has pledged you to
that and this and that?"

"They're all right," from the crowd.
"What do you think of building a
road"—la, la, la, la, la. "Tell me
that, will you?"

"What, my intelligent friends at the
back of this House, what if this agricul-
tural
"I thought so—I thought so," from
fought and bled," the speaker is
shouting, "what if for years to come,
tra, la, tra, la. Why, then I ask, you
why, why, why?"

"You, my friend, over there," said
the orator, "you, the honest Member
for Folsen's Corners, I am going to
put a few questions to you. Do you
know on which side the siding will
come?"

(Dazed look on the face of the
House Member.)

"I thought so—I thought so," from
the Spell-Binder.
"Does the Hon. Member even know
on which side his bread is buttered? No; I see written on his honest
rugged countenance, well, now, I'm
coming to that."

"I am going to show him not only
how he can butter it on one side but
on two. But you said something
just now—"

This is eloquence, but mind and
cap it, with why, why and why again.
The crowd like it: Have you heard
the popular motto of the House? It
runs this way:

"I'm an eclectic: ez to choosin'
"Twixt this an' that I'm plaguery lawd:
I leave a side that looks like losin';
But (wile there's doubt) I stick to
both."

These be times when a man would
do well to mind his words, else will
his wife or the girl of his heart be
the means of his undoing. Tea-drink-
ing a la politics is the game of the
hour.

Just gather a little bunch of women,
then set the ball rolling thus:
"Well, my dear, what do you think
of the latest developments at the
House. Isn't that old Dashby a vil-
lain?"

This stock recipe never fails to do
the work.

And now listen to "what my hus-
band says," or Mr. —, or Mr. So
On.

Then ensue several heated argu-
ments on the merits of the case,
which, however, soon drift into "his
perfectly glorious eyes," "cruel
mouth," and similar like personali-
ties.

"Such and Such" a woman has
heard that they have a perfect war
camp down in Calgary, from which
base false telegrams are sent, stan-
pedes are planned, papers circulate
lies, and men are initiated into the
secrets of the "other side."

Still others hint at sleuths at work
in our midst, at which the women
go into ecstasies, sounds so romantic,
doesn't it? And so it goes.

When the weaker vessels get in
the game themselves, we shall be no
noVICES. Know a trick or two myself
already, but that sounds almost as
boastful as the Member for —s
remark about being able to twist
figures so that they'd even puzzle a
cabinet minister.

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A "Galician" Citizen Makes a Slashing Attack on
Ralph Connor's "The Foreigner"

Mr. W. J. Mihaychuk, criticising
Mr. Ralph Connor's latest novel,
"The Foreigner," writes as follows to
the Canadian Magazine:

First seeing "The Foreigner" behind
the large window-panes laid so
elaborately and abundantly by the
very careful hand of the bookseller,
and having little idea of its contents,
I surmised that it was a book worth
reading, and that a more careful and
skilful hand had indited it. It looked
an interesting novelty and attraction
—a rare avis. It had a ruddy twi-
ght front "jacket," with a sketch of
river and plain and fir woodland on
the back. On the top the title, the
sub-title and the name of the author.
In all anxiety, being one of them self,
I bought "The Foreigner."

When I had finished the book, I
was sick at heart and sorry for what
I had thought of it previously. Such
apathetic, prejudiced, and false ideas
of the foreigner—Galician! Were I
not of Slavonic descent, and had I
not known the nature of my nation-
ality, I, after reading the book, would
have been afraid to have anything to
do with the Galician for fear of his
stabbing me with a knife or hitting
me with a club. But having some fair
chance to study our material as well
as moral conditions of life, I protest
that the typical Galician is not such.
I deplore the degradation of our lower
class, which is perhaps partly the
cause of such fiction, but I pity the
author who did not take pains to
study the subject more closely; if he
really meant "charity" and "jus-
tice."

It cannot be denied that Galicians
do drink, and that they do fight. But
it can be shown that the majority of
them lead a peaceful, sober and re-
spectable life. If Mr. Ralph Connor
had understood and had had a chance
to listen to many a chat of the people
whom he so mercilessly portrays, he
would have observed something real
and typical. Then his portrayal would
have been true, and would have had
better fortune. He, perhaps, could
not very well do that, and bore no
sympathy for the Galicians so as to
really study and know them. Per-
haps he was afraid of the "murderous
knife," or maybe "barbarous club,"
and had no appetite for "dirty and
greasy faces." But as a rule, those
who are afraid do not succeed, and
those who are disgusted with the
thing they would like to know find
more trouble in obtaining the knowl-
edge. This may have been the case,
and that is why we do not find sym-
pathy, neither is there even the pre-
tended charity, nor is any fair chance
given to us. Indeed Doctor Wright
pities us a bit in one place, but the
Sergeant gives us a hearty blow, and
admits nothing of the kind.

The greatest anomaly in "The For-
eigner" is that it has no moral. Mr.
Ralph Connor pictures barbarians,
the heroes of his story, as horrid
brute-creatures, describes carousals
and bloody fights very vividly, but
prescribes no remedy, indicates no
way of eradicating the evil; points
out the dirt and filth, but advises no
sweepings; speaks of the immorality
accompanying all the aforesaid as
necessary evil, and forgets to show
that we should try to get rid of it.
Really Kalman, when he left Winni-
peg, was a bad boy, but he was sent
to attain higher degrees of life, and to
be "made man" to Jack French,
whom he had found drunk and swearing.

It appears that Jack's home was a
rather unfit reformatory. But, any-
way, Kalman belongs to the best of
the group. And why? Is it merely
because he was sent to Jack French to
be "made man" or because he was
of "Good Russian blood"? No mat-
ter how it was, the result is not very
bad with Kalman.

But, mark you, Kalman descended
of "good Russian blood." He was not
Galician. All Galicians are lost in
"The Foreigner" when it comes to
something higher. There seems to be
no remedy for their degradation, no
standard of life above brutality, no
amelioration. God pity them! Such
an unpromising element! Such unde-
sirable citizens! Why, here is a dan-
ger, a menace! Lord have mercy on
us Canadians!

To be not so spirited, let me ask.
Are Galicians really some sort of low,
debased creatures who are to be
dreaded? Are they bound to bear the
blame and shame of all those who

kept them in oppression and benight-
ment for ages? Is their sole fate to
receive abuses, jibes and scoffs? Is
not there such a character of life, as
described in "The Foreigner," and
ascribed to them in other nationalities,
where the poverty drives human
beings to that semi-barbarism and
brutalism, and where economic con-
ditions are such that allow not the
uplifting of the spirit to a higher
standard? Ay, there are instances
in East London, in Vancouver, even
in Winnipeg, and at all places and of
all nationalities. It is known that
economic, material conditions, and
social opportunities determine largely
the character of the people. Where
there is equality of opportunities there
is no poverty and no degradation.
Are Galicians really an "ungrateful
lot," and so suspicious and incredu-
lous to their more fortunate neighbors
of Anglo-Saxon race? Will the Galician
indeed attempt to hit his neighbor
with a club were he incidentally to
receive some petty harm? Have
they no better examples of women than
that of Paulina and Mrs. Blazowski?
Are they really so destitute? Are
not they possessed with the gift of
aesthetics and ethics?

If we were to believe "The Foreigner,"
we would answer all of these
questions in the negative and take it
for granted that if the Galicians were
a better lot, had some good characters
of men and women, Ralph Connor
would have taken them, and if Galicians
were for something better than
drinks and bloody fights, they would
be so spoken of in the book. That is
what many a reader would think. And
there we have the spirit, spirit of
contempt and prejudice!

National Ideals.
Yet sometimes we speak of the
making of a nation strong and free-
dom loving, speak of showing foreign-
ers many of our good ways, and teach-
ing them to lead better lives and love
our Canadian flag. We speak of uniting
all together regardless of national
or religious distinctions, and helping
those who want help and are eager
to attain better ways. We are of
one soil, one climate, one country—
Canada—and only one nation, that is,
Canadian. For something similar.
Mr. Ralph Connor strives in his pre-
face. Even for "the good of mankind
and glory of God" he would do all
this, which he did, and which is to
no such purpose, for the story con-
tradicts the preface. He is inconsis-
tent if he speaks of "the making of a
nation out of different elements, and
of breeds diverse in traditions, in
ideals, in speech, and in manner of
life" when he feels contempt and dis-
like for any of the "breeds." There
are no "living hooks of justice and
charity" in the spirit of the book,
and it answers no such purpose. It
seems as if it was meant for good,
as was written at random, and is
more for stirring up sensation than
"the making of a nation" or "good
of mankind." A subject like that
requires study and sympathy, which
Mr. Ralph Connor seems to lack.

Before closing I return to the
"breeds" and "bloods." I do not in-
tend to offend the Anglo-Saxon or
anybody else, neither do I try to show
that Galicians stand higher than they
are. Neither do I intend to give any
instructive remarks. I only write
this in our own defence, for we, as
part of Canada's future nation, feel
ourselves entitled to that British
motto which sounds like equal rights
to everyone. We pay taxes, we help
in the making and improving of our

new country, and we have a right to
appeal for justice.

True enough, Anglo-Saxons stand
on a higher level on the whole. And
this would be true of every nationality
if the economic conditions were fa-
vorable. But, let us descend the
ladder and there, on the bottom level
of life, we find degradation in every
"breed" and race. This is natural,
and it is our economic law that the
more impoverished the man is the
more degraded he is. History proves
this. The reason why in Winnipeg
more wrong doings are committed by
Galicians is because they constitute
the most impoverished class, and they
were the most impoverished to come
out from Austria. However, I can
not think that incidents like that of
Jack French and the man with a load
of hay, and that of Doctor Wright
and Mrs. Blazowski, are possible of
common occurrence. But, by the way,
Mr. Ralph Connor would have
it, it is so.

Ruthenians, as Galician peasants,
may be illiterate (not all, of
course), but not so destitute as to
receive such libellous description.
Many of them are civilized and droll
Anglo-Saxons in various respectable
occupations. Canadian Galicians (in
the old country they are not distin-
guished by this name) belong to one
Ruthenian-Ukrainian nation, which
has its traditions, history, literature,
poets, politicians. Sometimes I re-
peat the living words of Robert Burns:
"A man's a man for a' that." Please
let us dwell less on the difference in
"breeds" and "bloods." We are one
breed, one blood, one spirit, one race,
one Canadian flag under the British
flag. Justice and equity to
everyone.



The little daughter of a Dorchester
gentleman was looking at a political
cartoon, "Who is this, daddy?" she
asked, pointing to a person with a
coronet. "That is one of the peers,
my dear," replied her father. "Oh,
I thought peers were places we sat
on at the seaside," said the little one.
"So they are, dear; but we are going
to sit on these peers all over the
country now," was the quick re-
sponse.—London Daily News

A Literary Accident.
"Hear about Perkins? Pretty
tough."

"No. What?"
"The poor fellow dropped into the
vernacular, bumped against a hard
word and split his infinitive."—Life.

A Surprise All Right.

Another social event recorded in
the history of Morgan was pulled off
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Riley
Taylor Tuesday evening, when about
forty young people from Chapin and
vicinity gathered at their home and
surprised Mr. Taylor. It so happened
that he was washing his feet when
the crowd opened the door and rushed
in on him, it so surprised him that
he failed to finish the job.—
Bluffs (Ill.) Times.

A few days after a farmer had sold



"Whatever made thee marry, John—and thee seventy?"
"Because I thought, lad, it 'ud be nice to think there'd be some 'un to close
my eyes when time come'd."
"Close hee eyes! Why, mon, I've had three wives, and they's all on 'em
opened mine!"—Punch.

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liams, at Ottawa) has opened a class
for girls at the Maclean Block. For
further particulars apply to

MISS GRACH,

273 Seventh St.,

City.



The Local Improvement
Act... Education Tax
Act... Village Act,
and the School Assess-
ment Ordinance.

Notice is hereby given that under
the provisions of The Local Improve-
ment Act, Education Tax Act, Village
Act, and the School Assessment Or-
dinance, a Judge of the Supreme Court
has appointed WEDNESDAY,
the 13th day of April, 1910, at Ten O'clock
a.m., at the Court House, in the City
of Edmonton, for the holding of a
"Court for confirmation of the returns
made under the provisions of Section
91 of The Local Improvement Act in
regard to the following Local Im-
provement Districts, viz:—

Local Improvement Districts 28-M-
4, 29-M-4, 30-M-4, 25-N-4, 26-N-4,
27-N-4, 28-N-4, 29-N-4, 25-P-4, 27-P-4,
28-P-4, 29-P-4, 25-R-4, 26-R-4, 27-R-4,
28-R-4, 29-R-4, 25-S-4, 26-S-4, 27-S-4, 28-S-4,
29-S-4, 25-T-4, 26-T-4, 27-T-4, 28-T-4,
29-T-4, 30-T-4, 25-A-5, 26-A-5, 27-A-5,
28-A-5, 29-A-5, 30-A-5, 26-B-5, 27-B-5,
28-B-5, 29-B-5, 30-B-5, 26-C-5, 27-C-5, 28-C-5,
29-C-5, 30-C-5, 26-D-5, 27-D-5, 28-D-5,
29-D-5, 30-D-5, 26-E-5, 27-E-5, 28-E-5,
29-E-5, 30-E-5.

And of Section 11 of The Education
Tax Act, Edmonton City and Village Act,
within the following areas, viz:—

—Townships 50 to 70 in Ranges 11 to
13 inc. W. 4th M.

—Townships 57 N. of R. 10 to 70 in
Range 14, W. 4th M.

—Townships 49 to 70 in Ranges 15 to
28 inc. W. 4th M.

—Townships 49 to 70 in Ranges 1 to
8 inc. W. 5th M.

And of Section 67 of The Village
Act in respect of the following vil-
lages, viz:—

Village of Morinville.
And of Section 19 of The School
Assessment Ordinance in respect of
the following School Districts, viz:—

School Districts Nos. 33, 34, 35,
36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46,
47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56,
57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66,
67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76,
77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86,
87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96,
97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105,
106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113,
114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121,
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130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137,
138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145,
146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153,
154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161,
162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169,
170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177,
178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185,
186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193,
194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200.

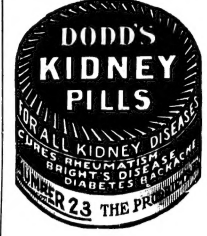
Dated at Edmonton this 11th day of
February, 1910.

JNO. PERRIE,

Tax Commissioner,
Department of Public Works.

C—F. 14, 21, 28, M. 7, 14, 21, 28, A. 4.

N—F. 19, 26, M. 5, 12, 19, 26, A. 9.



Home and Society

Calgary.

Mr. J. J. Convery of New York is in the city.

Mr. Harvey of Edmonton was here this week.

Miss Hardie of Lethbridge is a guest at Braemar Lodge.

J. T. Ormsley of Toronto is in the city for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. P. Jones, of England, are seeing Calgary.

Mr. J. McNulty of Chicago is in the city for a few days.

Mr. F. R. Kaywards, of Portland, Ore., is in town.

Chief Justice Howell, Dr. W. Moody and Dr. R. Kenny, are in Calgary this week.

Lieut.-Governor Buleya was entertained at Braemar Lodge during the week.

Mrs. H. B. Totten of Lethbridge visited here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Olsey of Winnipeg, are spending a few days in town.

Mrs. W. H. Cushing returned this week from a three weeks' visit at Edmonton.

The O.U.R. Club met at Mrs. Comer's on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. A. McKillop has taken up residence in one of the suites of the Marlborough Mansions.

Mrs. F. G. Garbutt left for the East this week to spend a couple of months in the Maritime Provinces.

Mrs. H. S. McLeod has returned to the city after a six months' trip to Toronto and other Eastern cities.

Miss Beatty, of the Elite Millinery, returned to the city after spending several weeks in the East.

Miss Margaret Christie, who has spent the winter months in Ontario, returned on Saturday morning.

The Misses Braden are entertaining on Saturday afternoon in honor of their guest, Miss Deane O'Connor, of Vancouver.

Mrs. Ernest Craig, 114 Sixth avenue west, will receive on the second Thursday in April.

Mrs. Basil Hamilton received for the first time in her new home, Nineteenth avenue west, on Wednesday, the 9th, and for the rest of the season on the Mount Royal day, the second Wednesday of each month. Mrs. L. A. Hamilton of Toronto received with Mrs. Hamilton on Wednesday last.

On Thursday evening Mrs. McFarlane gave a stag dinner at her home on Fourteenth avenue west, in honor of her son William's 21st birthday. The invited guests were: Messrs. McLeod, Bowes, Leclair, Martin, Jones, Matson, Fordyce, Jubbs, E. Black, Thompson, O'Gara, A. Black, Medley, Costello, Emery, R. McFarlane, Dickens, McDougall, Soper, W. McFarlane and Dunning.

On Wednesday afternoon, the members of the Victorian Order of Nurses, held a successful and interesting meeting at Mrs. Loughheed's. The ladies of the order wish to announce that they purpose serving refreshments in April during the horse show week, each half afternoon and evening at Sherman's Rink. A committee to make due arrangements concerning the same, were appointed: Miss Markle, Miss Pinkham, Mrs. Loughheed, Mrs. A. M. Scott, Mrs. Pence, Mrs. Cruikshanks, and Mrs. Turner.

Miss Brown, Miss Henselwood, Miss McCullough, Miss Tier, Miss McPhail, Miss Burnett, Miss Eyres, Miss Cook, Miss Currie, Miss Clarke, Miss Roth, Miss Coomben, Miss MacDonald, the Misses Norton, Miss Calder, Miss Walters, Miss Glasford, Miss Ellis, the Misses Christie, the Misses Hutt, Miss Hall, Miss Bradshaw, Miss Campbell, the Misses Howson, Miss McVeigh, Miss

Martin, Miss Munroe, Miss E. Burnett, and Mrs. Dunlop were delightfully entertained at a Kensington tea on Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Wm. MacLaren and Miss Flora Campbell. Mrs. MacLaren, wearing the prettiest of royal grape costumes, and Miss Campbell dressed in a fashionable pale blue silk gown, extended a gracious welcome to their guests. The pretty home was gay and fragrant with a great profusion of daffodils and hyacinths. In the tea room the table was very picturesque with the finest of lace centres and a handsome epergne filled with an exquisite cluster of daybreak carnations, around which trailed graceful tendrils of Alabama smilax and other southern greenery. The sparkling silver and perfect appointments were safely lighted by delicately shaded candles. Mrs. Dunlop and Miss Martin, assisted in serving the dainty refreshments and appetizing viands. Madame Penlanth-Orville proved herself to be a very excellent fortune-teller. All of the guests thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon and the hours from four to seven sped by far too quickly.

A delightful musicale was given at the home of Mrs. R. E. Campbell on Friday evening last, in aid of the Western Methodist Church. The spacious rooms presented a most inviting scene, and were thronged with guests who were welcomed by the hostess, assisted by a number of charming young ladies. Among those who kindly assisted in the splendid programme were: Mrs. Costigan, Miss Marie Costigan, Miss De Bock, Mrs. (Dr.) Dunlop, Mrs. Padden, Mrs. D. W. Campbell, Miss McCracken, and Mr. J. E. Williams.

Miss Jarrett, 412 Thirteenth avenue east, entertained all the members of the Central Methodist Choir on Tuesday evening.

The medal contest and concert given by the Women's Christian Temperance Union in St. Mary's Hall on Monday evening was a decided success. The music rendered by several of Calgary's leading musicians added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. The judges were: Rev. A. O. MacRae, Rev. Mr. Tuttle and Mr. Jas. Short, and the presentation of the medal was made by Dr. A. M. Scott. Miss Verna Manley, whose reading was entitled "Old Foamy," was fortunate in winning the medal. Those who assisted in the programme were: Miss Edwards, Miss Verna Hamley, Miss Sara Hall, Mrs. Dudley Smith, Miss Anna Webster, Miss G. Bell, Miss Irene Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Horner, Mr. Williams and Miss Freda O'Brien.

The Revere Dance held last week in Sherman's Hall, helped to relieve the monotony of the Lenten tide, and was thoroughly enjoyed by those present. The crowd was merry, the floor excellent, the supper dainty and refreshing, and the music to all dance lovers made the time, the place and the company charming. A few of those present were: Mrs. Harper, Mrs. R. R. Jamieson, Mrs. Garden, Mrs. Irvine, Mrs. Houlton, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Living, Mrs. B. Robinson, Mrs. Warden and many others.

Starland

The last changes of programme at this very popular theatre have been exceptionally good, and the large crowds which have attended have been more than satisfied with the pictures. The famous poem of Whittier, "Maud Muller" as interpreted by the Essanay Co., caused much favorable comment. The spirit which moved the great poet finds expression again in a simple sweet story. The pathos of the "Might have been" could not fail to affect each one, and the whole poem took on a most life-like aspect. In the "Better Way," the biograph have chosen a most poetic subject from that most poetic time, the Puritan age. Elizabeth loved a young suitor from named Sylvester; but for her mother's sake she accepted the wealthy old squire. The former sweetheart still continued his attentions and she, blinded by love, did not consider that such conduct was not honorable. Her husband became acquainted with her story, offered to give her to Sylvester if it would add to her happiness. She ac-



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cepted his offer but before the young couple had gone far she realizes her foolishness and returned to her husband. "The Pay Car" was one of the most thrilling train romances ever shown by motion pictures. The views were highly educational and the story itself is one of the deepest interest.

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said a lady to a shopman. "These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked when the gloves were produced. "Yes, madam," replied the shopman, "we have had them in stock only two days."

"I didn't think they were because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stitches and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa." The shopman explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, so she bought three pairs.



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LITTLE'S

Home and Society

Edmonton.

We have had a taste of "Lent as is Lent" during the past few days, nothing but a stray small tea rippling the waters of our peaceful social life. When I meet friends on the street, their conversation turns on nothing but the state of unrest, owing to the political situation, in the city; dress-makers, and sending their various boys and girls off to school. Next week a great many are looking forward to the Mark Hambourg recital on Tuesday evening in the Edmonton Opera House, when for the first time in the history of the city, we shall have the privilege of hearing one of the premier-pianists, if not the greatest artist of his day and generation. Such privileges come but too seldom to us at the Capital, and I do want to express the hope that the citizens will turn out in such numbers that Mr. Barford, who brings him here, will be encouraged to repeat the experiment.

Don't wait to go to New York to

Saturday afternoon, when Mrs. Lev-
ing of Brisbane, Australia, was the
guest of honor.

Mrs. Constantine was the raison
d'être of two small but very jolly teas
on Tuesday and Wednesday; Mrs.
Percy Barnes entertaining at Tues-
day's affair, and Miss Worsley being
the bright young hostess of Wed-
nesday's party.

The Cricket Club are giving a
dance on April 1st in the Separate
School Hall, to which everyone seems
eagerly looking forward. The Crick-
et Club dances have always been very
well run in the past, and coming so
soon after Lent, this particular one
will commend itself to the dancing
set, grown eager through a forty
days' fast.

Mr. and Mrs. Thorold, of London,
Eng., were two interesting visitors

Alberta Birds That Help

A very valuable paper has been given
in different parts of the province
recently by Mr. Stansell of Edmon-
ton on "Birds of Value to Agriculture
and Game Birds." He declared that
it had been shown conclusively by the
Audubon Society of the United States
that the farmers of the country lost
annually the enormous sum of \$500-
000,000 by the destructive habits of in-
sects. From this some estimate might
be made of what the Alberta farmers
were losing every year in the same
manner. It behooved the farmer
therefore, to do everything in his
power to preserve the birds, which
were the natural enemies of the in-
sects. The ladies can help materially
in the work as at the present over
thirty millions of birds are slaugh-
tered annually to supply plumage for
hats. The killing of the birds has
resulted in such an increase in in-
sects that in every state in the Union
with the exception of eleven has
passed the audubon model law for
the protection of the birds.

During the evening a magic lantern

was used to illustrate the talk and
views were shown as follows:
Loon, nest and eggs, and loon on
nest.
Pintail duck, nest and eggs.
Mallard young.
Ruffed grouse.
Sharp-tailed grouse.
Black tern, nest and eggs.
Herring gulls and petrels.
Solitary sandpiper, nest, eggs and
young.
American woodcock.
American woodcock, young.
Nest and eggs of killdeer.
Rusty blackbird, nest and eggs.
Bronze grackle.
Canada jay on nest.
Acric three-tailed woodpecker.
Downy woodpecker.
Northern shrike.
King fisher.
Horned lark.
Meadow lark and food chart.
Nest and eggs of olive thrush, con-
taining cow bird's eggs.
American robin feeding young.
Tree sparrows.
Chipping sparrows.
Swamp sparrows.
Slack colored junco.

English sparrow chart.
King bird.
House wren.
Red tailed hawk, showing nest eggs
and young.

Cooper hawk.
American goshawk or bluehawk.
Golden eagle.
Bald eagle.
Richardson owl.
Snowy owl.
Saw wet owl.
Western horned owl.
Magpie.

In showing the slides Mr. Stansell
deplored the killing of ducks so early
in the season as the 23rd of August.
Pointing out that while the young
were unable to fly by that date these
birds were handicapped also by los-
ing their wing feathers at the same
time and so had no chance for their
lives. The meadow lark was regard-
ed by some as a bird which fed ex-
tensively on grain but a careful study
of its habits and its crop contents
at different periods proved conclu-
sively that its diet for the year con-
sisted of 73 per cent. insects, 12
per cent. weed seeds and only 15 per
cent. grain. Moreover the grain was
only picked up in the fields after the
crop had been harvested, as during
August and September 99 per cent.
of its food consisted of insects. A
food chain of the American robin
showed that during the year only 7
per cent. of its food consisted of cul-
tivated fruits, 43 per cent. was wild
fruits, and 43 per cent. insects, the
balance being miscellaneous vegetable
matter. With the slate colored junco
the little fellow with two white
feathers in his tail only 8 per cent.
of grain was found, the rest of his
diet being insects. The English spar-
row, on the other hand, should be
destroyed at any cost, only 2 per
cent. of his diet consisted of insects,
with 98 per cent. of grain. He drove
away the birds beneficial to agricul-
ture and destroyed their eggs and
nesting sites. The king bird had a
bad name, but it was undeserved.
While his food consisted largely of
bees, 98 per cent. of those which he
killed were drones.

The House Wren Mr. Stansell at-
tended, was a great asset in the garden
and he advised that nesting places
be provided for them consisting of a
cigar box with a hole in it about the
size of a quarter. They proved
have with insect life and he had
watched a bird average eleven visits
to its young with cabbage worms
every ten minutes.

Of the hawks there were very few
which bothered the poultry yard.
Cooper's hawk, a small brownish
fellow with a long tail, had marked
tendencies of this nature, but the
others should not be killed unless
caught in the act, as they're valuable
vermin destroyers. The western horned
owl was the only one of the owl
family which destroyed poultry and
game to any extent, but it could not
be killed as all owls were protected
by law. The particular one mentioned
should be placed on the open list.

The birds, he stated, which were
not protected were wild geese, crows,
eagles, goshawks, pigeonhawks, duck
hawks, Cooper's hawk, hawk owls,
blackbirds, grackles, English spar-
rows, loons, cormorants, pelicans
and magpies.

LADY DALMENY...
LADY BOME...
MRS. GILLIAT...
LADY GRAHAM...
LADY BROOKE...
MRS. E. VERNON...
MRS. GUY NEVILL...
MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN...

HOSTESSES WHO WILL BE PROMINENT IN LONDON SOCIETY THIS YEAR

hear good music, good plays. En-
courage local enterprise to bring these
things to our doors. For some of us,
you see, cannot afford to trip off to
the Metropolis to spend a week-end
doing the theatres, and more than
that we surely have pride enough in
our city to encourage the best of
everything to come to us. I lay stress
on this, because in the past, anyone
who has had the enterprise to bring
artists to Edmonton, has done so at
a cost of some hundreds of dollars
out of his own pocket. You all know,
or must have heard, who Mark Ham-
bourg is, and his standing in the musical
world, give yourself a treat by go-
ing to hear him. As a Lenten dis-
traction, I commend it to you. When
did good music do aught but inspire
its listeners to higher and nobler
living?

Mrs. Hislop had a jolly little tea
early in the week for the "Not Outs,"
a little party she gives every year,
much to the Buds' delight.

Mrs. Goddard's tea which was to
have taken place at mid-week, was
hurriedly called off owing to the
sudden serious illness of Mr. God-
dard.

Mrs. Blain had a most enjoyable
little tea-party for a few intimates on

to town last week, who in a quiet
way had a very enjoyable stay at the
Capital. Mrs. Thorold is a strikingly
pretty woman, and was very much ad-
mired, while her husband, who is at
present representing the "London
Canadian Mail," and several financial
interests, is an interesting figure, in
that he is the exact double of Mr.
George Alexander, the actor, and
played so in that remarkable play
"The Gambler," which had so tre-
mendous a vogue a few years ago.

It is stated that at one time Mr.
Alexander was in despair to find a
man even remotely resembling him-
self, when a friend by accident dis-
covered Mr. Thorold, himself at that
time a very fair actor, and the situa-
tion was saved.

Miss May Campbell, the artist, who
has just returned from a year's study
abroad in the best Paris and London
studios, is having an exhibition of her
painting all next week in Mr. Graves'
art rooms in the Wize Block. Those
who have seen Miss Campbell's work
since her return are most enthusiastic
regarding the great strides she has
made in her art during the past year.
Miss Campbell is resuming her classes
at once and will be pleased to see any
who intend joining at her home on
Seventh street.

PEGGY.

EDMONTON OPERA HOUSE

TUESDAY, MARCH 15th

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Mark Hambourg

THE GREAT RUSSIAN PIANIST

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Capital Paid Up - - - - \$3,000,000.
Retained Undivided Profits - - - \$3,405,991.

Money can be remitted to any part of the world

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Pumpkins	- -	2 tins for .25
Strawberries	- -	15c per tin
Raspberries	- -	15c per tin
Naval Oranges	- -	Regular 30c per dozen
	- -	" 40c " 25c
	- -	" 50c " 45c
	- -	" 40c " 35c

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When he comes to put on a collar that has been laundered at the Snow Flake Laundry. "THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD" is our motto. Give us a trial. We call and deliver your laundry promptly.

Snow Flake Laundry

Who Performed the Miracle with the Prairie Chickens?

One Saturday morning in September 1892, Knobby met the writer and said, "This is going to be a lovely afternoon for a shoot, we can go out north and take a circle around some of the ponds and get some of the ducks, and no doubt some chicken can also be bagged."

"All right," was my answer. "We shall leave at one o'clock, I'll hunt up two other congenial souls. There is George and Jim, you might look after the 'Microbe Killer' as it does not work out very well on a serious proposition like we are going to undertake, if we drink neat water. It promises to be pretty warm after we have driven a few miles. Don't forget the 'Dog'."

Everything being arranged, we were off at one sharp, bound for a good time at least. Whether we slaughtered one bird or a million it made no difference to such dead game sports. After driving, not in silence, as the ladies like to, one of the gentlemen, seated in the rear of our democrat, said: "What is that I see before us? Is it not a running brook?"

That reminded us of "Minnie Ha-Ha" and "Fire-Water"? Yes. This quartette had heard of both, and it would be well to stop and partake, unless the driver was in too great a hurry, and this he was never known to be, where such an Indian mixture was concerned.

When not crossing brooks, we encountered ponds, and other stopping points, so that our "horses" could have a breathing spell, as by this time we had covered a lot of ground, and the "Indian Mixture," and were becoming "Humanitarians," and moralizing as to whether it was, or was not cruel to even shoot at imaginary birds. However, if we had no birds, we had enjoyed our outing and the other entanglement very much, it was "So nice and poetic, to be out in the beautiful clear air, even if the sun was a little hot, and thus commune with nature," was the way in which our back seat chum expressed it.

We were now up in the Beaver Hills, north east of the pretty little town of Fort Saskatchewan, the headquarters of that valiant corps "G." division, R. N. W. M. P. whose barracks we could discern, but, hush—on turning a bend in the road, we suddenly came to a newly ploughed field of stubble, and saw a stooped figure, stalking warily along, after some prairie chickens, which were just ahead, "Biff, bang," went the gun and the Stalker's aim was good, and the result, three beautiful plump birds, as we found out on reaching the spot where the Stalker came on to the road. Who should it be but a gentleman known to the whole of us, and who was teaching school three miles from where we met.

We hailed him with joy, and also the "Indian Mixture," and asked him to jump in and we would drive him part of the way at least, on his homeward journey. This he did. We drove along about one mile, and then in the distance saw a covey of chickens. Then our guest and two of our party got out, with each man his gun. The "Other" and I stood by the team for at least a half hour, and then the old saying of "The Devil finding work for idle hands to do," was once more verified, and the "Other" said: "Alas, we Nimrods are going back to the Fort empty handed, what he said to us, and of us, by those jokers there?" It was simply a case of great minds thinking alike, and I nodded, and we immediately put our thoughts into action and changed the three lovely birds from the Stalker's bag, into ours, and replacing the birds with three as good specimens of Alberta's beautiful loam soils, broken down to the size of a chicken each, as can be imagined.

After which we drove slowly down towards where we had last seen the hunters.

They had been unsuccessful, luckily for us, as there as no necessity to open up the game bags.

We drove the Stalker a short distance further, and then with a fond adieu, he went his way and we ours. In going down a hill, a short distance from the Fort, an iron bar, on the pole of the democrat, snapped, and had our team not been pretty well tucked out, there might have been an accident happen to the "chickens."

The next day, Sunday, saw a merry crowd, consisting of the original four, and two others seated around the bachelor's table, three plump birds, cooked to a turn, and well seasoned, also some beautifully home cured ham, and plenty of vegetables, and good

fresh ice cold water, and a vessel labelled "Minnie Ha Ha," were what they were all devoting their attention to. The Stalker was not forgotten, was he not the provider? next to the other two, of the main part of the feast? The health of the absent one was drunk with gusto, the wish bones of the birds were distributed, one to each couple of men, and one and all made the same "wish": "That all hunters might meet with the same luck."

By wireless from Beaver Hills the next day, came a strange story, of "How prairie chickens had been changed into earth sods," of the blank look of amazement, that came over the faces of all present, when the bag containing the chickens, was turned upside down, and out dropped "three lovely sods." How could it be? How could it be? The stalker was struck dumb for one moment, but one only, and there was just enough wrath in his eye, and his voice, as he soliloquized: "Oh, why is this the Sabbath instead of a week day, so that I can get even with those rascals?" Monday, at school, the children found out that there must be no trifling with their dear teacher, that day at least, if ever they did before, and they were particularly good.

However, this was some years ago, and many changes have taken place. "Knobby" now sits as M. P. in the Dominion House, "Jim" is now a cabinet minister in the Saskatchewan government, the "Stalker" is now a leading M. P. in the Alberta Parliament. The writer was M. P. in the old territorial government, and "George" went up to the Yukon.

F. F. T.

Secret Hiding Hole of Thirty Seven Rebels Found

Montreal Herald: A relic of the past was brought to light when workmen repairing the house, at the corner of Jacques Cartier Square and Notre Dame street, discovered what is supposed to have been the hiding place of rebels in the troubled times of 1837-38. The house now belongs to Hon. P. E. Leblanc, who was quite ignorant of the fact that the hiding place existed.

At first the masons and carpenters were surprised to see a difference of about four feet between the ceiling of the lower floor and the floor of the first. It could not be explained why this had been made so thick and they went to investigate. When the ceiling was brought down they saw that between the two floors a space of three feet and seven inches had been left empty with the only outlet through the chimney, a colossal structure about six feet wide and seven feet long. To get into this recess, one had to go through the cellar, which was reached by a secret door in the lane, then climb a ladder inside the chimney, and then, through a trap carefully concealed in the wall. There, fifty men could easily tie down, and air was supplied to them through a round window at the rear, quite invisible from the outside. The walls are about three feet wide, and cement, which was unknown at the time, is replaced by lime as hard as rock. In the wall and along the two cedar beams, may be seen crude sculptures cut out with a knife, and representing initials as well as some fleur de lys.

In the course of his relations, Deformier mentions the fact that a number of the patriots who fled from Lacolle after an unsuccessful attempt to get a second consignment of firearms in the country, found refuge not far from Ramsay Hall and the House now being demolished is right in front of the ancient Chateau, so that it is very likely those who dispersed after the Lacolle disaster or those who fled St. Eustache in a hurry, may have found refuge from the English soldiers in the old house and between its floors.

The house was built during the French regime and is quite characteristic of French building of this period. The latticework is done by hand, a process forgotten about a hundred years, and the walls are built to stand a siege.

Many alterations have been done since, but none of the tenants ever discovered the hiding place as it was quite invisible from the inside of the house as well as from outside. Chief



HASSAN

Cork Tipped

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Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price and fine quality



First Loafer: "Cheero, Charlie. I 'opes the next Guv'ment 'll make things look up a bit."

Second Loafer: "They would if I was among 'em. But it's yuman nature, you may depend—as soon as they gits into Parl'ment they forgets they was once men, like me and you—and they does nuffink!"—Punch.

Campau remembers that, some years ago, a criminal found refuge in that house, then a restaurant of doubtful repute. Detectives visited the place a number of times, but never found the man's hiding place. It was visited from cellar to attic and never a trace of the man could be seen. He was finally arrested on the street where he had wandered one night thinking he was safe.

Today, this is all going to pieces. The hiding-place will become the upper part of a fashionable restaurant and another relic of the past will have disappeared.

STATEMENT A TRAVELLER

IS SURE DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS DIABETES

Geo. H. Watterworth of Rodney, Feels Like a Boy Again After Suffering from the Most Deadly of Kidney Diseases.

Rodney, Ont., Feb. 21.—(Special).—Mr. Geo. H. Watterworth, a well-known travelling salesman, whose home is in this place, makes an unqualified statement that he was cured of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills. "Yes," Mr. Watterworth said when asked regarding his cure, "Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Diabetes. I took thirty-seven boxes in all but today I am restored to good health."

"I was also troubled with Rheumatism and Headache, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing, and I was always tired and nervous. But Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me and now I feel just like I did when I was a boy."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Diabetes because it is a Kidney disease and there is no form of Kidney disease Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure. Mr. Watterworth's other ailments were caused by diseased kidneys talking to strain impurities out of the blood and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured them by curing the sick kidneys.

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Subscribe for the News.

Here and There

In pursuing our studies of things as they ought to be I am submitting a story that I picked up, which rather goes to prove that the lady who said she seldom if ever marries a man for his goodness, might have been right from one point of view.

"Miss Perkins," said the handsome young man, "I have every reason to believe that I love you, and it is possible—may, I hope, even probable—that there is a chance of your returning my passion."

Miss Perkins was silent, but her silence was by no means discouraging. "At the same time," went on the young man, "the matter is of so much supreme importance, not only to me but to you—the consequences are so monumental, that in justice to you, in consideration of your happiness as well as my own, I feel that we ought to be sure that we are making no mistake."

"Quite right, I am sure," murmured Miss Perkins. "Now there is a subtle psychological harmony which can be established between us in only one way. It is useless to hold your hand—that is a slight help, but trifling, it is useless to be near you, except of course for the supreme delight it gives me. I have studied these matters, Miss Perkins, I can assure you, and in order that we may know whether we are actually fitted for each other, one thing must be done—you must submit to one test."

"And that is—?" asked Miss Perkins inquiringly. "I must kiss you. The moment our lips meet, we shall understand each other. We shall either subtly perceive that we are not fitted for each other, or else we shall rise at once to the greatest heights of bliss and instinctively know that we are eternally mated."

"Will one kiss be sufficient?" asked Miss Perkins, who was really a thoughtful girl.

"That can be determined later. Possibly we shall have to conduct a series of experiments—"

Miss Perkins nodded her head sympathetically. She was very broad minded.

"I understand you thoroughly," she replied, "and cannot tell you how much I appreciate the care with which you have approached this very important matter. But as long as you are to conduct the experiments, might I ask you what are your qualifications?"

"She looked him squarely in the eye. 'About how much experience, Mr. Tubbs, have you had along the lines that you suggest? Have you ever kissed a girl, Mr. Tubbs?'"

"Well, you see, my dear Miss Perkins," he said, "I have always led an exemplary life, and then, too," he added lightly, "I have been so busy. I am very conscientious in my work, and I have never believed that a rising young man ought to spend his time in society."

"Exactly,"

Miss Perkins arose. Her lovely blue eyes were turned toward the door for an instant and then fell on Mr. Tubbs.

"I would suggest," she said, "that you go out and practice for a few years on some other girls, and when you think you can qualify, Mr. Tubbs, come around some evening, and if I have no other engagement, I shall be happy to give you a place in the line Good evening."

Elbert Hubbard truly says: "A man is like tea: he has to be put in hot water before he can show his worth."

No wonder the young woman turned him down: he had not mastered the simplest rudiments of the art of acquiring things. He had evidently never heard of the maxim, "If you can't steal a thing ask for it."

Said a bibulous chap from the south, in a state of perpetual drouth:

"It surely seems droll
That a punch or a bowl
Should be ever worth two in the mouth!"

It is a remarkable fact, hard to be accounted for, that the prodigal son attained a far greater fame than his brother who stayed at home and behaved himself. How many of us seek fame this way, and find it?

At the present time in looking for fame man is thrown into the shade by the woman. Like the Pear's Soap ad of yore, "They won't be happy till they get it." But, having been down-trodden so long, there is some excuse for the symptoms. When the suffrage has been obtained it will all simmer down to a nine days' wonder and be forgotten like the rest of us, but, at present, is a very live subject. There seems to be just one thing or several that stops 'em on occasions:

(Mrs. Paakhus: is quoted in the press as saying that while in New York City a woman came to her in tears and said that she would like to be a suffragette, fight policemen and go to jail, only she had six little children at home.)

A suffragette I'd gladly be,
You see,
I'm tired of stockings to mend
Sans end,

And I'm weary of toiling
And baking and boiling,
With never a moment to spend,
My friend,

With never a moment to spend,
Oh, faint I would idle away
The day,
Desirable talking would be
To me,

And campaigning—Oh, yes!
I'm bound to confess
A suffrage to gladly I'd be,
You see,

A suffrage to gladly I'd be,
But I've six little reasons against,
Six cute little reasons against,
Six dear little, queer little,
Neat little, feat little,
Sweet little crasons against.

I'd slap mere man in the face
With grace,
And jab the police in the shins
With pins.

While a slash from my whip
Would cause statements to skip,
And husbands o' think of their sins,
And skins,

Aand husbands, to think of their sins,
Oh, I'd soon be a terror, no less,
My name would make congressmen
Quail

Till in sheer desperation
They'd call up the station
And trundle me off to the jail,
Sans bail,

And trundle me off to the jail,
But I've six little reasons against,
Six cute little reasons against,
Six dear little, queer little,
Neat little, feat little,
Sweet little crasons against.

HOW THE NEWS CAME OF
CANADA'S LOSSES AT
PAARDEBURG

The tenth anniversary of Paardeburg Day, which occurred on February 27, must have sad memories for many a Canadian household, for while the battle with the spectacular charge of the Royal Canadians brought fame and prestige to Canada throughout and beyond the limits of the empire, it was attended by a heavy toll of death and injury. At the present juncture, it may be interesting to relate a little story, never before published, of how the list of dead and wounded reached Canada. The first publication of this list, more than a full day before the names reached Canada from any other source, was probably the most important "scoop" obtained by the Toronto Globe in its long history. It was accomplished by Charles Frederick Hamilton, now of Ottawa.

Mr. Hamilton was then a reporter on the Globe staff, who has always made a hobby of military matters, and has a vast knowledge of the subject. When the South African war broke out he was the man detailed by the Globe to go with the regiment. Once on the sands of South Africa, this knowledge gave him an advantage over the other Canadian newspaper men. He understood the various movements better than the others, and was able to smell an engagement when the future seemed to hold nothing for his account.

Thus, when the turning point of the war came, and the British got warm on Cronje's trail, he foresaw a bloody battle and made his preparations accordingly to forward a death list. He had with him a Kaffir boy of rare ability, and a pony of fine courage. He had also taken precautions to carry with him when his final movement commenced

sufficient funds for any ordinary emergency. After the battle the majority of the correspondents attached to Lord Robert's army were concerned only in sending picturesque accounts of the battle, but to the Canadian newspaper men the names of the Canadian casualties were the most important. The Montreal Star was represented by William Richmond Smith, now of the New York Tribune, and he had an arrangement with the Canadian commandant that he would forward for him any official report to Ottawa at the same time as he sent his dispatches to Montreal. This arrangement looked good enough to beat all the other fellows, but it didn't pan out. Hamilton's superior preparedness enabled him to dispatch his Kaffir with more dispatch and better mounted; moreover, he entrusted him with enough cash to send the dispatch through as a private message. This was the most fortunate move of all.

When the Kaffir "boy" arrived at the telegraph office after nearly a day in the saddle, he found that the company was not accepting for the time being dispatches at press rates, and promptly paid the whole enormous sum demanded for a cablegram from the Orange Free State to Toronto at the private rate per word. When Smith's "boy" arrived with the official dispatch and the Montreal Star's report some hours later than Hamilton's "boy," he found himself without funds to meet the emergency, and a long delay ensued while he rode back for more money.

Thus the Globe was on the streets of Toronto with the death list, and it had been copied and telegraphed all over Canada before the other list left the lone telegraph office on the veldt. It was good organization and a good Kaffir "boy" that turned the trick—Toronto Saturday Night.

Mord: "Wot are they sayin' now, Emily?"

Emily: "He says as there's one thing—the servants don't suspect nothing!"

JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD.

As the Frenchman exclaimed, "Après ça le déluge." No doubt we'd welcome anything; and government ownership, which is so he a panacea for everything, would be most welcome. A cowpuncher who rode across Yellowstone Park, and saw fire coming through the cracks in the ground, exclaimed "By heck! We're pretty close to Hell, ain't we?"

There is a distinct difference of opinion about what that nebulous place is like. It might take one form or it might take another, but it's pretty sure to be just what we don't want it to be.

We may find it in fire or we may find it in that pins.

It's one of the things so much written about because no one knows anything about it.

Anyhow, after all our struggles, we find, as we grow older, that our puny efforts to try to put everyone, and he world in general, perfectly straight, have been rather like King Canute trying to sweep back the sea coming in with the tide. There's always a "something" turning up to spoil the best of our calculations. But it's a merciful thing that gray hairs teach us to worry less and study things contemplate them, and not fault in. It also leads to a great deal of satisfaction to know that the coming generation will study their toes over many of the same things we did and use much the same cuss words. Life would be a very much more serious affair if it wasn't so funny.

It's a curious thing that the funniest things in this universe, viz. man and woman, are supposed to be the most intelligent. Truth is stranger than fiction and becomes scarier every day. It's another of those things many people write much about but know so little of. The people who tell the truth are more honored after death than during life because they're very inconvenient to have about. They upset things.

J. C. O.



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Stradella, by Crawford.
Shepherd of the Hills, by Wright.
The Up Grade, by Goodwig.
They and I, by Jerome.

New books being added each week and will be listed here.

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Tales from Chicago Multi-millionaire's life

("Grapho" in the Chicago Advance.)

Last Sunday a young man was found dead in a resort in the red light district of Chicago. His young wife was as home in a sumptuously furnished apartment on the north side, wondering where he was. When the startling news was broken to her she swooned. The rest of the city was shocked, for Chicago is still capable of painful sensations when startling revelations are made, and the revelation that the son of a multi-millionaire had died in an evil resort and in the arms of a fallen woman was of this kind.

The young man was only 26 years of age, but the physicians said that his system was worn out, that valves, nerve channels, heart and other organs were broken down and Nature collapsed. The pace had been tremendous, and if the young fellow had been framed up of chilled steel he could not have kept up the fast life much longer. He had turned on all the steam which an unlimited supply of money would furnish, and he used automobiles and wads of bank bills on his rounds in the red light district. When he came down to breakfast on the morning of his 21st birthday he found a cheque from his enormously rich father for \$100,000. It was a hundred times as much as was good for him. Of course, a young man can go to the bad on \$10, or on nothing if he works hard at it. But when he is none too well braced up with firm principles, a hundred thousand dollars gives him a big push in the mad and merry life. And in this case there was always more to follow. One of the Goulds said a couple of years ago that money was the curse of the lives of rich young men. In this case it killed.

And there are others. The son of a great Chicago millionaire received his death stroke in a similar resort. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon he walked the streets with the glow of health on his cheeks. At 6 o'clock the pallor of death was there. The son of another Chicago multi-millionaire went to his grave at about the age of the latest victim and like him, he was worn out; his system could stand the strain no longer. A young multi-millionaire of New York recently sailed for Europe, where on previous visits he has left a train of disgrace, where a suicide tragedy made it more conspicuous. The madness of millions is in his veins and wherever he goes it works itself into notice.

Little less creditable is the mania of the daughters of millions for matrimonial alliances with foreigners of much title and little character. Young women with money enough to make life a splendid opportunity use their millions to buy husbands who make them utterly wretched. They spend a fortune to get these noble miscreants and then spend another fortune to get rid of them. It is the worst waste of money known even in this land of recklessness in money matters.

But the madness of millions does not stop here. It would be well if it did, for this has to do with individuals, and when it takes off a son of dissipation in his early years there is not much loss to the community. But there is a madness of millions which is stalking across the country with a power that is gigantic. Nothing has made the human race sicker so much as the establishment of free government, the rule of the democracy. There can hardly be greater folly or greater crime than the destruction of this rule of the democracy. But this is what the madness of millions is doing, or at least is bound to do unless checked by an alarmed and determined people. The despotism attempted in both House of Congress is backed by a plutocracy which has set out to have its own way without regard to the interests of the people. In the madness of money which has seized the men who already have too much for themselves and enough to damn their sons and daughters, there seems to be a reckless disregard for the righteous



Veronica Ann: "No, dad, if I can't wisest Pussy and Fido, and develop my womanhood at home—I go!"

results of the revolutions which have swept over the world and the evolutions which have lifted the race to higher planes.

In this day of cures there is nothing more in need of a cure than the madness of millions.

NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from Page 1.)

tems to tackle, most of which will last to the end of time. When the old bull teams brought supplies to this country over long distances, each team had 50 many wagons. When a bad hill or a mud hole was reached some wagons were dropped and the team pulled one one wagon at a time through or over the obstruction, and even if it took all the teams on the ground hitched to a single wagon to get through, this was done, each wagon being pulled through then linked up to its string and all proceeded harmoniously.

We might take pattern by this method and thus concentrate all our forces in one direction under a given leader, oil the wheels, take one or two good big pulls at the load and get out of the mud. If they have this spirit in the old country surely we can match it.

"I have the honor," writes Col. Cruickshank, "by direction of the Minister in Militia Counsel, to convey to you, his congratulations upon the success with which you have organized this unit."

"The officers generally have been well represented upon by Brig-Gen. Otter, C.B., C. V.O., special mention being made of Captains McLeod, Kethum and Reid; and you are requested to communicate this fact to them."

"The N. C. O.'s and men are highly commended for their appearance and steadiness."

"Battalion and company drill was performed with smartness, precision, steadiness and confidence. More attention should be paid to manoeuvre duties."

"The comparative efficiency displayed by so new an organization, is regarded as most satisfactory, and this should stimulate yourself and your officers to increased exertions to maintain and increase it."

These observations from the District Officer Commanding, Lieut. Col. Cruickshank, to Lieut-Col. Edwards, commanding the 101st regiment are very exceptional, when it is considered that a newly organized corps is under observation. It is not the habit, as all militiamen know, for superior officers

to go out of their way to this extent to compliment a regiment.

The effect should be excellent and should encourage many other young men to affiliate themselves with the organization and discharge their share of a citizen's duty.

Hens Across the Sea

Eighty thousand dozen eggs have been shipped to us from Europe.—News of the day.

The Cochins and the Leghorns That scratch beside the Rhine, The plump and perky pullets Beneath the Gallic vine, The Dominicks that cackle Along the banks of Dee, Are doing double duty, The hens across the sea.

They heard of how we hungered For eggs that were not old; For pearls treasures never Laid up in storage cold. To make the golden omelets To feed the brave and free, And hastened to our rescue, The hens across the sea.

The fresh and dainty hen-fruit, For which the nation begs They send to us—nine hundred And sixty thousand eggs; So here's a resolution O thanks from Liberty, The Stars and Stripes salute you O hens across the sea! Minna Irving.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

The City Grocery Co., corner Jasper and Eighth street. Mr. J. E. Nix, the new manager has had a large experience in the retail grocery business and everyone can be assured perfect service, also the best of everything.

A young woman visited a fortune teller.

"Lady," said the fortune teller, shuffling the cards, "the fate decrees that you will visit foreign lands. You will mingle in the court life of kings and queens. Conquering all rivals, you will marry the man of your choice, a tall, dark, handsome gent of distinguished ancestry—in fact, a peer of the realm."

"Will he be young?"

"Yes; young and rich."

The visitor in her excitement clutched the seer's arm.

"But how," she cried eagerly, "how am I to get rid of my present husband?"



"I say, Bridget, have you seen any thing of my gog—What the deuce!" "Sure, sor, I aways wear thim whin I'm palin' the oonions."—Harper's Weekly.



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